

November, 1985 by ReblDOMAKR

Series: [Billy/Will \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Ah Yes! Another reason for me to go to Hell, Billy does the do with Will, Gay Will Byers, Homophobic Language briefly, I'm not sorry, Innuendo to Underage Sex, M/M, No actual sex, it's not explicit and it's only hinted at but

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Will Byers, mentions of others

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Will Byers

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Summary:

It's 1985. The Party is in high school. And Will sits in the gym afterschool, watching the basketball team.

November, 1985

Author's Note:

sorry for any mistakes I missed, this was basically just a drabble

High school wasn't very different from middle school. Will determined this very early on. Party met every weekend, but their classes together was practically zero. Of course, it was his nasty luck that landed him in a different lunch than his friends. Apparently, in order to squeeze him into French 3 (which he insisted on carrying on) and Freshman Art, he had to be slotted into the senior lunch. Sometimes Steve Harrington, who'd become a part of their group since their last dealing with the Upside Down, would visit him and bring him food, but Steve was working for his father now and he couldn't always make it.

Will had managed to slowly coax his mom into giving him a bit more freedom. Mostly, he just liked to sit somewhere to watch the school athletes until it was nearly dark. Autumn was already passing though, and the days were short. It was cold, too, so he opted for the gym instead of the bleachers.

The basketball coach didn't care about people sitting in the gym during practice. Outside of Will, there was a fair share of kids who sat in the gym. Most of them, their parents worked late and they had no way to get home. Their district didn't have buses for the kids out of town, for even smaller places than Hawkins, so they simply had to wait. So he was left alone, sitting at the top with his sketchbook and a pen.

To be completely honest, he just liked to watch.

He hated himself more and more every day he came to the gym, but he felt as though he couldn't help himself. While his friends were at their separate clubs or activities (Dustin did chores around down, Lucas was in the swim team, Mike was in track, Max was trying to teach Jane how to beat everyone at the arcade), he sat in the gym. Whenever practice was over, he'd leave to find his mom waiting for

him in the parking lot, on her third or fifth cigarette.

Will did his homework, or he'd draw.

At first, he'd draw random pieces of the body. It was difficult despite his rapid improvement. People were different than monsters. The boys in the basketball team were tall and lean, most of them at least.

The reason he hated himself?

Billy Hargrove.

He was tall like the rest of the team, but he wasn't as lean. His muscles packed on heavy and he snarled at his teammates, just before laughing and helping them from the ground where he'd shoved them. He bounced around with untamed energy. Will ended up drawing Billy more than any of the other players, until it was *only* Billy.

It was nearing the end of November, 1985. Will's sketchbook was almost full, the last half was Billy. He hated himself for drawing the guy who'd pounded in Steve's face, attacked Lucas, and tormented Max on a daily basis. Will didn't even know why he liked Billy Hargrove so much, but he did. He just kept it to himself. *(better than liking any of his friends, he figured, at least this should fade)*

The gym was a little cold, but he was wearing a wool sweater that Nancy knitted for him. It was warm and he was content, sitting in the bleachers, trying to draw out the shape of Billy Hargrove with a mechanical pencil he stole from a girl in his English class.

He became oblivious to the world around him and, in turn, it became oblivious of him. He didn't notice the gym empty out.

Until, a shadow eclipsed him and snatched the sketchbook from his lap. He gasped and looked up, staring straight into the eyes of Billy Hargrove.

The older teen held up the sketchbook, a nasty grin twisting across his face. "Well, well," He cooed, resting it against his arm now, flipping through the pages. "I think I found myself a faggot."

"I'm not!" Will squeaked out his defense. "Please! Give it back--"

“No.” Billy said.

He winced. “I’ll leave then, just, please,” His heart beating hysterically in his chest. “Don’t tell anyone.” He begged.

Billy Hargrove stared at him. He closed the sketchbook, slowly, and handed it back. “Byers, right? You’re my little sister’s friend.” He said.

Will nodded. Billy held out his sketchbook and, cautiously, Will took it back.

“Kid, don’t be so fucking obvious.” Billy said. He pulled at the waist of his shorts and Will realized, wow, the teen was still in his practice outfit- no shirt, tight-fitting shorts, drenched in sweat. He swallowed.

“I won’t.” He tried to make it sound like a promise, itching for an escape.

Billy stared at him, cocking his head to the side. His eyes were screaming and Will leaned back a little. “Wanna go fuck around?”

“What?” Will was squeaking again. A flush buried itself from his cheeks, down his neck.

“C’mon.” Billy held out his hand.

And, for whatever reason, Will took it.

Joyce found her son asleep in the gym, his hair soaking wet but his clothes dry. He was shivering, clutching a leather jacket in his arms.

Author's Note:

I love me some Harringrove but I also crave something more fucked up so this is where I dig my feet in lmao